

The Touch - Chapter 2

(A continuation of the the story "The Touch").



Warning, includes strong sexual themes. Intended for Adults only.

Chapter 2 - "Voices and Duplicity"

Jacob was uncomfortable in high school. He could have been more outgoing and social, but he was more of a 'computer' geek. He found his solace on the computer.. which is where he spent most of his time. He was a fairly tall, normal quiet guy, he wore glasses, loved video games, especially first person shooters, like Halo. His hair was longish and dark. As a matter of fact, he had a very mysterious way about him, which is why most kids just left him alone. His parents also left him alone and several years ago he had discovered the wonderful world of big boobs on the web. By his senior year he had become obsessed about breasts. It was too bad, because it made him extremely picky about girls. And there just weren't a lot of girls at his high school that he liked for this very reason. Sort of silly, if you think about it.. after all, for every guy there's got to be a girl who shares his same passions? Wouldn't you think? He was a good guy, he just needed a good kick in the pants when it came to girls. Unfortunately, he found himself alone and reclusive amidst dozens of available girls every day.

His eighteenth birthday was no big deal. His parents got him a card with

\$100.00 cash and left it on the kitchen table before school, he tucked it in his wallet and figured he'd get himself a game later on. For the most part, it started off as just another lonely day.

He was sitting in 1st period English, when the teacher asked a question. He was totally distracted, he was trying to catch a sneak peek at Becky's full chest and didn't hear the question. Becky was the blonde, big chested cheerleader that half of the guys lusted after. After a few seconds he realized that the teacher had asked him a question and she was just standing there waiting on him. He had no idea what she had said.

Within moments, the class started snickering, he blushed full red. In retrospect, he should have just asked her to repeat the question.. but he got so embarrassed that he couldn't function. He felt like all the kids were just staring at him condescendingly. He could not stand it. Becky blatantly laughed with her friends at him. He heard someone say, "freak". Taking a breath, he stuttered trying to come up with something. Meanwhile, the teacher just stood there, letting the situation happen, shaking her head. He felt humiliated.. and perhaps that's what did it.

From the desk beside him he heard Amanda say, "it's a preposition." He was shocked. Why would this vampire-goth chick tell him the answer?

He turned and looked at her and she said it again strangely, but her mouth didn't move. Was this a trick? What the heck?

What he did know was she was like the smartest kid in the school, so her answer was probably right. He turned back and said, "it.. it's a preposition?"

Instantly, the teacher grinned and said, "correct" and moved on. Within a moment, the class quieted down and went back to ignoring him.

After a moment, he leaned over and whispered, "thank you" to Amanda. She blushed and said, "why?" which confused him. He blinked and sat back up staring at his textbook. *What was that all about? he thought.* What he didn't see was the confused but excited look on her face as she savored their first conversation in a long time.

After class was over he decided to confront her. He caught her in the hallway and tapped her on her thin shoulder. She turned, surprised.

“So.. how did you do that?” he asked.

“Do what?” she said, very aware of his proximity... *he’s really tall up close*, she thought. She liked it.

“Yeah, well my dad is like 6’4” so it runs in the family,” he said, staring at her tiny toes peeking out of her black heels.

“Wha.. what?” she said, caught off guard.

“Uh..” he said.. confused with her response. “Uh.. I’m sorry.. I just wanted to thank you for helping me in class.”

“Jacob, what are you talking about?” she said. *I love his name*, she thought.. finding it ironic that she was a total ‘team Edward’ fan.

“Are you making fun of me?” he asked, staring at her black painted lips. She had done it again, talking to him without her mouth moving.

“No,” she said slowly and awkwardly. She blushed with a confused look on her face. *What in the world is he... oh.. he is so cute.. ..why is he looking at my mouth like that?* she thought as her heart raced in her chest.

His face turned red, (it was the first time a girl had called him cute) and he ran his hands through his longish hair. “What are you, some sort of ventriloquist?” he asked her again. “You are really good at that.”

What the hell is he talking about? she thought again.

They both stood there staring at each other confused. He never really

realized how pretty her face was. Granted, she had a lot of black make-up on and her hair had red running through it and her clothes were almost all black but she was really really pretty. Unfortunately, he did notice that her clothes could not conceal the fact that she had very small breasts.

Why is he paying attention to me after all this time? This is so weird..
God .. if he only knew... she thought. Her heart was racing.

His eyes went wide at her commentary just as the bell rang.

Her friend Lisa, another goth chick who had been watching this whole strange interaction from across the hall, came over and eyed him all funny, giggled, grabbed Amanda's arm and pulled her away to the next class.

He just stood there watching her leave. She was tiny. Probably no more than 5' tall and quite petite. That had to be the strangest conversation he had ever had. She looked back at the last second before she went around the corner and he barely heard her say, *holy crap, he's still looking at me!*

Her mouth didn't move.

The next period he couldn't concentrate at all. Calculus was one of his favorite subjects, but he was just too distracted by the events of the morning. He kept replaying the conversation over and over in his head. Why would she talk that that? It was almost like she was talking to herself, like some sort of inner dialogue that she chose to share with him. She was really good at not moving her mouth. Was this some strange fake vampire game that he wasn't aware of? He was going to be pissed if he was the butt of some elaborate joke to mess with him. And to top it off, he felt like shit. His skin felt a little clammy. He wondered if he was getting sick.

Outside of class, some sort of drama was happening over by the lockers. He heard some of the kids laughing at what looked like Jessica lying on the ground. He could see Becky standing over there looking hot as usual, but for some reason he was too distracted to be interested. He hesitated on

his way to 3rd period Biology class, trying to make sure that he didn't get there early.. he was kind of nervous about another encounter with Amanda. The bell rang while he was walking and suddenly Mike ran past him. He distinctly heard him say, *how did I just make her lighter like that?* But then he quickly changed directions and ducked into one of the bathrooms.. how strange.



Becky laughed to herself about Jessica as she walked with her friends to 3rd period. They were all smiling and giggling about the ridiculous scene they had just witnessed. For a second there, she thought that Mike was going to just walk away and leave Jessica's fat ass lying there on the ground! It surprised her when he actually helped her up! Either she was lighter than she looked or he was stronger than he seemed. Either way, it was funny as hell!

Becky and her friends had witnessed the whole thing and it was hilarious. Jessica - totally hitting on Mike, the uncomfortable kiss attempt ending up the head collision and her lying on the floor.. Ha! Served him right for being so buddy-buddy with her. It was so obvious that Jessica had the hots for him. It didn't take a rocket scientist to see this one coming. But it didn't matter if Jessica wore heels or how much makeup she put on, she was still a fatty!

Becky knew that Mike stared at her boobs all the time.. then again, most of the guys in the school stared at her body. Becky knew she was hot, and her ripe 34DD 24 36 body made most guys drool when they got around her. She loved her curves, especially her big breasts and loved to flaunt them whenever she got a chance. To top it all off, she was a natural blonde, but she still lightened it up to make it appear even blonder. Most of the time she wore her long lustrous hair up on top of her head. Today she had it in a pony tail that hung halfway down her back. Little wispy hairs framed her large blue eyes and danced down her smooth neck drawing attention to her gorgeous baby-doll face. She was one of those girls that

just oozed sex appeal from every part of her 5'6" body. It was a blessing and a curse. It seemed like perverts came out of the woodwork to flirt with her.. and most of them were really gross! But she also seemed to have her pick the of litter.. almost every guy she met was attracted to her.

Mike was actually kind of cute, but he was a little too short and skinny for her tastes. She liked big, huge muscular guys. Guys who could toss her around like a rag-doll and make her feel controlled and manipulated.. a couple of the football players came to mind. It made her hot just thinking about it. Perhaps it was her fucked up childhood or the fact that she was passed from foster parent to foster parent for so damn long...

But today, all that changed! Today she turned 18 and she no longer had to stay with her deranged, perverted foster parents who were strict as hell and had blocked her from dating (as best they could). Tomorrow she was going to move out and stay with her best friend Jennifer, the Captain of the cheer-leading squad. Her stuff was already packed and she was ready to go. She couldn't wait to be free!



Jacob walked into Bio class and immediately saw Amanda staring at him from her seat from across the class. He felt his heart jump in his chest. He had never experienced these kinds of feelings before. It was intense. She was really pretty.. for the first time in his life, he found himself somewhat interested in a girl who had small boobs. For a brief second he fast forwarded his thoughts into the future and imagined them dating but her getting a boob job after graduation. He wondered how they would look on her tiny frame. It was foolish.. he knew.. but very exciting to imagine. He wondered if she would even want bigger breasts.

Class started and all the conversation died down. He looked over and Amanda had her head tilted down with her hair spilled forward to conceal the fact her face was turned and she was staring right at him. Their eyes locked together.

Please don't look away, she said.

He jerked his eyes back to his textbook. *I cannot believe that she just said that in front of the whole class!* he thought. He was so embarrassed. He waited for the laughs, the jabs, the drama...

But nothing happened. He slowly looked up and around. Nobody said anything. Nobody was looking at him.

Nobody but her.

She had a funny look on her face.

Why did he jerk like that? she asked exactly at the same time the teacher asked a question.

He heard her again.. he *knew* he did. But nobody else seemed to notice. Everyone was focused on the teacher.
This can't be a trick. He thought.

A thought hit him. Was he hearing .. her thoughts?! It was impossible, but was the only thing that made sense.

Can you hear me? he thought at her. But she didn't show any indication. She was still looking straight at him.

She raised her hand.

"Amanda?" asked the teacher.

"Lipopolysaccharide," she said, without looking away from him.. she slowly winked one eye.

“Correct,” said the teacher, “now, does anyone know...” the teacher droned onto the next question.

He was impressed, he thought she wasn't paying attention to the teacher.. he certainly wasn't.

But, he realized that she had not heard his thought.

Oh, I'm going to get you Jacob, she thought as her pretty eyes bored into him. You have no idea how long I've waited for you to finally notice me, but it's about freaking time.

And that's how it went. For the rest of the period, he sat there and listened to her internal dialogue as she jumped from subject to subject sharing her intimate thoughts with him. It was extremely voyeuristic and invasive because he knew she had no idea he could hear her.. but he couldn't help himself... and he didn't have the slightest idea on how to turn it off.

It turned out that she was totally, secretly infatuated with him. Evidently she had been crushing on him for several years but he'd always been oblivious. She had been observing him forever and knew that he looked at Becky all the time. She also had figured out all the other girls that he liked to look at and had formed a hypothesis that the common theme behind his interests was big breasts. He was shocked at her accuracy. It was no wonder she had the highest GPA in the class.

Unfortunately, she was totally self conscious about her small boobs and had finally concluded that he would never be interested in her. It wasn't the first time her small breasts had bothered her. This was an ongoing issue for her. She had wanted bigger boobs since middle school and despite her high intelligence she always felt inferior due to her flat shape. A couple of names floated by during her rambling exposition.. Penelope Black Diamond and Wendy Fiore came up more than once. He was floored! Being the big breast connoisseur that he was, these women were definitely part of his

own lexicon. He could not believe that she not only knew who they were, but also envied their bodies!

In many ways, she had turned to the goth look to hide herself. It gave her an excuse to hide her body. Plus she just liked the 'dark' aesthetic to it all. He wanted to hear more about why she mentioned those women.

He really got turned on when he discovered how much she really wanted a boob job. She mentioned how her mom had gotten giant implants and she felt that it was her turn. Evidently she had bugged her parents about this for a long time. They certainly had the money and they wanted to support her, but they thought it was just a phase she was going through. Plus they thought that her frame was just too small. She happened to be a size zero and they thought breast implants would look abnormal on her body. They told her to wait until she was older and more sure.

I disagree, she said, no longer staring at him, but glancing his way every minute or so. *I think big boobs look even better on a petite woman. They tend to present a greater bust to waist ratio. Mom is just concerned because it was hard for her to get used to them. She thought she went too big too fast, but I think they are awesome. Honestly, I want mine way bigger than Moms. I know she thinks 800cc's per breast is too big on her 5'1" frame, but if you are going to go big, why not go all the way? I think I would look great with 3000cc's or more.. I bet Jacob would want to take pictures of me if I was bigger than Mrs. White. He probably wouldn't be able to keep his hands off me.* Then she blushed and smiled a funny mischievous smile in his direction.

He kind of choked as she said that and coughed a couple times into his hand. Mrs. White was a somewhat stocky, almost motherly looking eleventh grade history teacher who was unofficially known for her massive breasts. To say they were big was an understatement. At first glance she appeared to have two volley balls shoved under her blouse. They were glorious. To this day nobody knew whether they were fake or real, but she provided constant masturbatory imagery for a veritable ocean of testosterone filled high school boys. He was lucky enough to have her

last year and had secretly taken at least a thousand pictures of her during the year. Well.. he realized he wasn't as 'secret' as he thought... she had obviously noticed him.

He didn't know what shocked him more, Amanda's knowledge of his clandestine photography, or her desire to expand her breasts *bigger than* the extreme size of Mrs. White! On her petite frame those breasts would look pornographic.

Needless to say, he was now totally turned on by her. He realized that somewhere along the way he had sprung a full hard-on in his pants. It was amazing how sexual she was. To top it all off, just from this funny dialogue he felt he now knew her. Now he wanted to know her better.

He honestly didn't know even how to approach her after the bell rang.. but they didn't speak. He walked out class almost beside her and she darted off before anything happened. They didn't have any other classes together for the rest of the day. And he continued to feel worse, until he realized he was running a fever.



The final bell rang at the end of the day, but Becky just sat there staring at the paper in her hands. She couldn't believe what she was seeing; written in red ink, a big "F" stared back at her from the top of her exam. This was crazy.. she nailed this test, something was wrong, this was bullshit!

As the rest of the kids scattered like flies she grabbed her bag and slowly walked up to the teacher's desk where he sat writing in his log.

"Mr. Black," she asked in her naturally sweet voice, "Mr. Black, I don't understand this grade."

He paused his writing and smiled as he lifted his balding head, almost as if he had been waiting for this. He was a middle age, weaselly looking fellow. He had secretly lusted after Becky since the first day of class,

thanking his lucky stars that he had such a hot piece of nubile ass to fuel his rather pathetic fantasy world. His wife had left him years ago and so he clung to his teaching career like a lifeboat. Over time he had inadvertently discovered his ability to manipulate his students to satisfy his secret lusts. It was surprising what a young, desperate schoolgirl would do to maintain her grade point average. It was especially poignant with girls like Becky who not only had high grades, but very little outside support... she could not afford to lose her ability to get a scholarship. He knew the law and he knew the risks.. so he always timed it so that they were 18 years old when he sprung his trap..

He sat back slowly and glanced over to watch as the last student left the classroom and the door shut with a click. They were now alone.

“Ah.. yes,” he smirked as he turned back to her, “I was very disappointed in your essay at the end of the test, Rebecca. Did you not realize that it was worth half your grade?” he said, punctuating his question with a small tongue click as his simmering beady eyes slowly roamed up her luscious figure to finally meet her confused gaze.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” she stated seriously as her she quickly flipped to the back of the exam with her square-tip acrylic fingernails. As she turned it over she realized that her essay was gone. The back page was blank.

She quickly looked up, fully catching him staring at her boobs, practically undressing her with his eyes. *Uh oh*, she thought angrily, *what is this pervert trying to get out of me?*

“I don’t know what’s going on here.. but I distinctly remember writing this essay,” she said accusingly.

He smiled toothily, like a shark going in for the kill, “unfortunately, Rebecca, it appears that you are mistaken. Furthermore, seeing that this exam is a large part of your grade, this may have a negative impact on your overall

GPA,” he grinned as he closed his gradebook with a snap.

He shifted and leaned back in his chair, rubbing his chin in a mock thoughtful way. “There is.. however, the possibility of... ‘extra credit’,” he said softly, “if you know what I mean?” and he licked his thin lips and glanced for half a second at his own crotch then back into her disgusted eyes.

“Oh. My. God.” she spat as she blinked and took a step back from his desk. Her face turned red from the anger that rose inside of her like a furnace. *I can’t believe the nerve of this fucker!* she thought. He continued to stare at her lasciviously from across the desk.

“In your dreams!” she snorted as she spun and stomped towards the door. *The nerve of this asshole! He was deliberately manipulating her!*

As she grabbed the handle, she paused; the truth came crashing down.. he could royally mess things up for her! It was her word against his.. and she didn’t exactly have the best reputation. She realized if she walked away now, this could get really ugly for her.

Fuck him! she thought, making up her mind, *somehow I’m not going to let him get away with this!* She pulled the door open and walked through it..

A wave hit her body like a quick shock and she stumbled a little, holding her pretty fingers to her head. She was a little dizzy, but she was still seething with anger. She shook her head and made her way to her locker, determined to figure out a way to get even with this jerk.

Inside the classroom, Mr. Black smiled as he watched Becky slowly close the door and turn back around to face him. *Ah, yes,* he thought.. *she realized that she had to come back or he would mess things up for her. They always do..* He licked his lips in anticipation.

Becky’s entire countenance had changed. Instead of frigid, she had

become almost languid, every movement was seductive and alluring. Mr. Black was somewhat shocked by the enticing display that she was putting on for him. He grew more excited by the second.

“I know what you like,” she purred as she crossed the room and crawled up onto his large desk. “I know your fantasies, Mister.. Black,” she said seductively as she leaned forwards to passionately french kiss him with her succulent plump lips and soft tongue. The kiss was warm and wet. Her tongue danced lightly inside his mouth and she was really into it. From this kiss alone, you would think that she was madly infatuated with him. She kissed him like he was the most important thing in the world.

Her lips traveled along his jawline in small kisses until her hot mouth hovered over his ear. “I’ve been a very naughty little school girl and I need to be punished,” she said breathily. He was reeling from this dramatic come-on. He was overwhelmed and exceptionally aroused by her presence. Her low-cut heaving bosom was practically right in his face as she whispered. Her breasts were pushed tight together and straining against the material. *When did her hair become pigtails?* he thought to himself.

But it was more than that.

She turned sideways in front of him on his desk to assume a spanking position on her hands and knees, he realized that her outfit had somehow changed. She was now wearing an extremely tight and super-sexy, bare-midriff, plaid, Catholic schoolgirl uniform with white knee-high socks and cute little Mary Jane shoes. He had fantasized about her wearing this exact outfit for longest time.. *this was crazy!* She handed him a long wooden ruler and then arched her back and poked her luscious round ass up into the air.

“I really need a spanking, Mr. Black,” she begged with a sweet voice, “please teach me a lesson.. teach me a *hard* lesson!” With that, she wiggled her plump derriere and proceeded to bite her her fingernails in

fright with a doe eyed pout. Her tiny skirt slipped up her back to reveal the fact that she wasn't wearing any panties.

"Holy shit," he laughed out-loud in complete anticipation as he stood up. *This was insane!* He could feel his cock trying to escape out of the confines of his pants in complete arousal. *How was this happening?*

But rather than try to figure it out, he just went along with it. If this was a dream then he had nothing to lose. He hauled back and smacked her juicy buns with a nice hard pop. Crack!

"Yes!," she exclaimed, "do again! do it *harder*, Mr. Black!"

He licked his lips in excitement and popped her again. Wham! She squealed in delight as a red welt in the shape of the ruler formed across her tender skin. He was salivating and shaking with desire.

It was then that he noticed that her waist seemed quite a bit smaller than before. Her breasts even seemed larger than he remembered. Somewhere in the back of his mind, this fantasy ... *his* fantasy was becoming a reality... he now knew where this was going. *I can't believe this!* he marveled. But he knew exactly what to do.. and he couldn't hold himself back.

He began smacking her ass harder and harder with the ruler. Each time she squealed in ecstasy and begged for more. But more importantly, he watched her body start to change.

With each crack of the ruler, her breasts strained further against the white material, her waist grew smaller, her body grew sexier.

He couldn't stop. Crack! Rip! The material on her small blouse started tearing down the side. "Oh!" she cried and squeezed her eyes shut. A mixture of wonderment and pleasure crossed her face. Her breasts had grown from their already impressive 34DD to an overfull 34G in a matter

of seconds. They wobbled and shook with each swat. He couldn't believe his eyes. He was as hard as a rock and wanted to get his hands on those glorious melons.

Almost in perfect response, Becky turned and began undoing his pants. Before he knew it, she had slipped off the desk, pulled his pants down and was in the process of admiring the major bulge pressing from within his boxers.

"Oooh," she drooled, "I can't wait to see what you have for me in here." Her small hands gently pulled down the elastic waistband of his boxers until his full 7" cock was pointing straight at her gorgeous face. She seemed even prettier than before, her eyes and eyelashes were larger, her lips were plumper and fuller, her hair even seemed longer.

He had an excellent view of her heaving massive breasts from above as she squatted below him. She began kissing his turgid penis with her sensuous mouth. Her hands stroked his balls and legs.

"Oh my God, you are so big," she told him as she started licking him, "I want all of you inside of me." He knew he wasn't the biggest guy out there but it boosted his arousal to hear her say it. He secretly wished he was a lot larger. She wrapped her glossy plump lips around the head and shoved his length all the way into her throat until her lips pressed against his shaved pubic area. She didn't take her eyes off of his face the whole time. Her face was an unfeigned picture of adoration and worship. Over and over she drove home along his full length. A blaze of warmth tingled along his shaft. It felt like magic. He had never felt such an incredible feeling of pleasure.. like his cock was being dipped in a vat of pure sexual energy.

She deep throat him again and something started happening.. her mouth seemed to be widening against his pubic area.. he felt his cock expanding, forcing her mouth wider and wider until her lips were stretched thin around the mighty shaft. It kept expanding as she slowly slipped down the enormous girth. It was as thick as a coke can as it flowed out

of her widened mouth and he felt it becoming incredibly sensitive. Every movement sent shivers of pleasure through his body. However, when she reached the point where his 7" cock should have ended, she kept on going. Inch after inch of elongated phallus slid from her magical orifice. He was elated at the prospect of this new super-cock. Either she was some sort of Genie or he *had* to be dreaming! Finally, his new fist-sized head came out of her smiling mouth. Looking down, his impressive cock must have measured at least 14". It was longer and thicker than her entire forearm, including her fingers!

She immediately went to work with her hands and mouth, stroking and sucking his hard manhood. One hand reached down to caress his testicles. She hefted them up and he could see that each one was now easily the size of a softball. It was too much to hold back.. within a few seconds he felt himself cumming profusely down her throat. She pulled out his cock and let him spray ropes of hot cum on her face and breasts. She squealed in delight as he moaned in disbelief and bucked his hips as stream after stream of semen ejaculated from his supernatural pole; he lost count after 14 full sprays. His orgasm continued to pulse like a supernova, the intensity was too strong.. too intoxicating.. he closed his eyes in bliss.. he felt his knees buckling.

Within a minute his mind cleared a little bit and he felt himself lying on his back on the floor behind his desk. Once again his cock was being treated to a mind numbingly intense amount of pleasure. He couldn't believe he was hard again so soon. He moaned in complete submission to whatever was causing this. His eyes snapped open to witness one of the most beautiful experiences of his life.

Becky was mounted on top of him, looking down into his eyes as she slammed his freakishly huge dick all the way into her tight bald pussy. Her wide hips moved in rhythm, but her belly and waist were now so small that his dick could be seen bulging beneath the smooth skin of her abdomen. Somehow she had managed to make him fit. Her huge breasts were bouncing up and down still straining underneath the tortured fabric. She

had become even more beautiful to him. Her face and features were stunning.. breathtaking.. almost impossibly hot! Her icy blue eyes were wide and sultry above her high cheekbones and minuscule nose. But what amazed him more was the look of absolute desire on her face as she gazed at him. With just a glance he could tell that there was nothing on earth that she wanted more than him. She would do anything he wanted. Be any fantasy that he desired.

“Fuck me, Mr. Black,” she moaned, “fuck me harder!.. oohh God.. thank you! You are amazing! Your giant cock feels so good inside me! Oooh.. yess.!”

She continued to bob and grind hungrily onto his stiff dick. The pleasure was insane! He could hear small noises emanating out of his *own* mouth with each thrust of her incredible hips. He didn’t understand why he wasn’t cumming again. His head was buzzing! Each thrust felt like its own climax. He was loving this.. but he wanted more.. he still wanted those breasts!

Almost on queue, the material finally ripped and her bouncing, 34G breasts began expanding outward from her chest. He reached up and gripped the soft pliable skin and marveled at the sensation of her growth in his own hands. She obviously enjoyed his contact on her skin. They went from G cup to a cantaloupe sized HH cup within seconds. Becky didn’t stop bouncing for a moment, he felt a bigger orgasm building deep inside of him.. almost ready to release... her expansion was putting him over the top.

“Oooh.. yes!.. grab my boobs.. oh.. look at how big they are!” she squealed. “You . .oh.. like... oh... oh yes!.. do you like them, Mr. Black?” she grunted while she pumped him. “Oh God.. I’m cumming!” she yelled as clear juice squirted out of her super-stuffed vagina. “Your big cock is making me cum!.. Ohhh.. I’m growing!!” she wailed as he witnessed her spasming body jolt with massive orgasms. But she kept pumping even harder.. never slowing down for even a second.

Her breasts continued expanding out. The HH breasts flopped and heaved

in his erotic grasp.. the flesh pushed out further from in-between his fingers. The cantaloupes quickly turned into J's and then up to an unbelievable soccer ball size. But they didn't stop there.. her nipples were huge and pink, as thick as a quarter and at least an inch long. Clear droplets began to form on them.

His impending bigger orgasm was ready.. any second, any moment it would happen.. but not yet. It continued to build.. larger than life.. held in check until his desires were satisfied. Each thrust still caused a normal orgasm to rock his body. His mind screamed with the need to release, but his lust called out for her breasts to grow larger! He wanted them bigger!

And so they did. Within moments, he heard her wailing in ecstasy, her own multiple orgasms ripped again through her bouncing body. As juices sprayed, her breasts grew again, pendulously reaching down to his awaiting mouth. They were now bigger than a kickball but still soft and pliable. Squeezing one of the massive orbs with unabashed perversion, he sucked one of her huge nipples into his greedy maw and began drawing the nectar from the spurting tip.

The nectar blasted through him like a hurricane, his mind could not sustain it any more.. each single thrust of her glorious tight pussy around his throbbing manhood was now equivalent to the strongest climax he had ever experienced. Delivering up an unbelievable 10 minutes of constant orgasming .. yet all of that paled in comparison to the nectar-triggered explosion that was now beginning to course through his body as he experienced some sort of ultra orgasm of insane proportions.

Pure, white pleasure ripped through his spine as he ejaculated into her. Time slowed.. he felt as though he could derive pleasure from each one of the millions of sperm as it passed out of him. He could no longer feel his extremities or knew where he was. All other thoughts had been replaced with this incredibly intense, pulsing, never ending blast.

It was beyond human capacity. His body, mind and soul were now

permanently stuck in a perpetual climax. His body spasmed with the effort. All traces of the original, narcissistic, manipulative Mr. Black had been dispelled and replaced with this pleasure-wrought automaton.

Becky smiled and stood as she wiped a long string of drool from her mouth. Her body still shook with the aftershocks. His semen leaked out of her body and down her legs in a rush. She was a snapshot of perverted eroticism. All traces of her modification still remained. She was gorgeous beyond belief. Every aspect of her countenance was erotic beyond description. In addition, her breasts still hung out from her body like two supersized beachballs. It seemed impossible that her 28-12-36 fantasy body could support them. But there they hung in all their glory.

She turned to the desk and flipped open his gradebook. With a quick imperceptible adjustment, her “F” became an “A”. *I think I’ve earned it*, she smiled to herself.

The orgasms that he had given her were legendary. He had swept her along in his perverse fantasy of expansion and pleasure. She had never felt anything like it before and had already started longing for her next erotic tryst. She had reaped the rewards, but now felt a strange calling towards the door...

She turned and walked towards it..

100 yards away, down the hallway, around the corner, Jennifer wrapped her arm around her best friend, Becky and consoled her for her decision to walk away from that bastard, Mr. Black.

“Sweetheart, don’t worry about it.. it will be OK,” Jennifer said. “You did the right thing. Everybody knows he’s a pervert. I’ll go with you when you go to the guidance counselor and we’ll get him fired for this! You’ll see... Awww... honey.. don’t cry,” she said.

Becky wiped the tears out of her pretty eyes, so glad that she had a good

friend like Jennifer. Together they pushed open the exit door and walked out into the sunshine.

Once again, a wave hit her body like a quick shock causing her to stumble, but Jennifer's tight grip kept her from tripping.

"You alright, Becky?" said Jennifer.

In an instant a rush of emotions, images and pleasure seemed to wrap itself around her body... but then it was gone. It felt like Déjà vu or something.. like suddenly remembering a dream that she once had.. but it was strange and erotic and exciting. Her hand slipped up to touch her breast beneath her blouse.. somehow assuring herself that it was still the right size. Everything was normal. *That was was weird*, she thought.

"Ye.. yeah.. I'm fine.. let's go," she said, shaking it off.

The classroom and hallway were now completely empty except for the half-naked, blank-eyed, jerking body of Mr. Black just lying on the floor in a large puddle of his own semen with a crazy rictus permanently plastered on his face.



Across down, Jacob walked into his house practically shaking with fever. Not even bothering to stop in the kitchen, he made his way upstairs and immediately fell asleep on his bed.



The end of Chapter 2 of "The Touch" written by BB47

